



HERE COMES WAGNER'S SCUTTLEBUT //

No. 24

Nov. 5, 1943.

Greetings:

Here we go again with another issue of "scuttlebut." Henrietta has been reminding me for several days now that this issue was due and finally we are going to attempt to get it out. So, anchors aweigh!

The football team lost to F. & M. 28-6 and Bucknell 19-0. Doggie has practically a new team since graduation on the twenty-fourth and what will happen for the rest of the season cannot be predicted. The soccer team defeated Bucknell 1-0 the same day we played them on the gridiron, Coach Morgan Schaeffer's booters have won two and tied one and look for better games before the season closes.

Graduation was quite a ceremonious affair. The baccalaureate service was held at 10:30 A.M. with Captain Davis as the principal speaker. Rear Admiral Denfold delivered the address at the ceremony in the afternoon. The unit attended both services and there was so much gold braid on the campus that it made quite a show. Honorary degrees were awarded to Captain Davis, Captain Canaga, Admiral Denfold, and Mr. Boomsderfer, President of Millersville State Teachers College. Leave was then granted to the members of the unit who returned the following Monday for work in the second term.

And now for the mail:

The "fighting 6th" company of Midshipman stationed at Columbia numbers such stalwarts as Jack Clifford, Charlie Moran, P. Luigi Candalino, Croighton Faust, Dick Bauereithel, Dick Zollers, Joe Roediger and Blair Krimmel. Joe writes me to say that they will take a back seat for no one. He also says that they will become "one stripe admirals" in about three weeks.

Lt. Jim Duffy is back in Texas again. Jim says that he is located in the middle of nowhere but that he is enjoying life. He can be reached at Camp Hulon, Texas.

The Marine Corps recently had two new officers added to its complement when Art Hill and Pete Gorgone were commissioned. Pete, by his own admission, has worked harder in one month than he did in four years of college, and typical of Pete, is broke most of the time. Art is planning to take the fatal step in January in the college chapel.

Johnny DiFranco has been discharged from the Army and has accepted a temporary position in the Trenton school system.

"Somewhere in New Mexico" is Bud Bossick. Bud has been assistant Artillery Mechanic and has learned a good bit about 90 mm guns. He also relates that on a twenty five mile hike the officers leading his unit got lost and before it was over the boys had trudged thirty four miles. Nuff sed!

Ray Turner says that it won't be long before the opportunity arrives for him to take a crack at Johnny Jap.

Harland Leeland, the blond tenor who used to work so hard in the Business Office, is now taking life "easy" in the Seabees. Leeland reports that the only kick is that they get too much sleep--5 hours a day. He has been recommended for the V-12 program in March and until then will work in the Dispersing office at Camp Peary, Williamsburg, Va.

Lt. (j.g.) Chuck Garrettson is still holding up Navy prestige in California. Jim Major graduated from Reserve Officers Class last week at Quantico.

November 11, 1943.

All right! All right! I know I should have finished this letter last week but between the telephone, the Navy, my draft board, the weather and various and sundry other items of annoyance, here it is a week later and I'm still trying to get at this epistle. Now, if there will be no more comments, I'll proceed.

Major Harry B. Underwood is now located at 319 S. 21st Ave. Hattiesburg, Miss. where he is the Regimental Surgeon in the 273rd Infantry Regiment. Harry would be glad to see any of the boys who are in that vicinity.

Sgt. Walter J. Wolfe is still engaged in classification work at Plant Park, Tampa, Fla. Walter likes his work very much.

Whitey Kurovski, is an apprentice seaman at Sampson. Whitey says that Milo Sowards is his company commander and is well thought of by the men there.

Ed McManus '43 is a member of the Ferry Division of the Air Transport Command at Homestead, Florida.

Robert J. Snyder was appointed Warrant Officer, junior grade, on Oct. 9th. He is still instructing in the Pre-Flight school for Bombardiers and Navigators at Ellington Field, Texas.

Francis E. Gauner '36 has been honorably discharged from the Marine Corps and is back home in Easton.

Carl Cassone, who has been very helpful with addresses and changes of you fellows, writes me that Tommy Fister, '35, is now a Major. He also says that Malcolm M. Parker is a Captain and was married in Oct.

Morty Sher, '36, won six beers from Sam Seovil, last year's quarterback on Yale's team, by picking 'Berg in the opening game of the season.

Lt. John M. Fulmer is the Range Officer at Fort Belvoir, Va. Johnny is busily engaged in teaching all the special weapons such as Carbine Cal.30, Thompson Sub-Machine gun, Anti-Tank Rifle Grenade and the "Bazooka" (Rocket Launcher). He enjoys his work immensely but wonders just how it happened that a major in Business Adm. at 'Berg ever became a teacher of weapons at an Engineering post.

Donald A. Hausman '36 has completed several weeks of his basic training at the Anti-Aircraft Replacement Center, Fort Eustis, Va. Donald reports that his officers and men are a "swell gang--reminds me of my years at 'Berg".

Sunbathing, eating, reading and sleeping on the way to Australia is the report from Norman Mack. Johnny Elliott expects a new assignment some time this month.

Captain Ralph F. Harwick is now on duty in North Africa where he is in charge of close to a thousand men and also acts as the chaplain, because, as Ralph says, they haven't any. Ensign Ed. Robertson also is stationed in the same hot climate and is on the lookout for Mules in action.

"Finally out of Africa after following the Army thru Egypt, Lybia and Tunisia we are in Sicily and enjoying occasional blades of grass and white people once more. For feminine pulchritude, however, we still have to rely on cheese-cake from several nos. old copies of Life that occasionally drift in.

The sun and sand of Africa have been replaced by the rain and mud of Sicily, for the rainy season is upon us. And the mud is the real tenacious variety that sticks to your shoes and builds up and builds up until your stature is increased a foot--well, a couple of inches anyway. All in all, we have a nice set-up here, tho. Native Sicilians for the most part are happy to have American troops here, and speak of Mussolini in the most vile terms. There are good spaghetti dinners to be had in the towns that have not suffered too much destruction. Grapes and potent native wine are abundant and keep us Army medics busy treating the 'G-I's'. So writes George Boyer, '37.

Nelso Graham tells me that he is leaving for California soon to open up a redistribution center for returning service men there. Stan Kramer tells me in a fine letter that the new A.S.T.P. insignia is rather novel; it is a lamp of learning with a sword through it. Herb Abel is back at his old base in Stuttgart, Ark., where he is trying to explain the mysteries of instrument flying to cadets.

Correct me if I'm wrong but I believe that for the first time in history two 'Berg alumni are serving aboard the same ship. This information was given to me by Ensign Wilmer Crossman in a recent letter. Paul Arner, '43, is serving with Wilmer and both are happy in their jobs.

Hank Bauman was Officer of the Guard so he utilized some of his time from 11:30 A.M. Sat. to 5:30 P.M. Monday to drop me a line. Hank says the Mules at his camp are not quite like the ones he knew at 'Berg for they will play up to a man for twenty years in order to get a chance to bite him. Hank tells me that the German prisoners at his station are well treated and happy, but cannot understand why the decadent Americans are still holding up. By the way, Bruce, drop your cousin a line he hasn't heard from you in over a year.

It is now Mr. Sgt. Emerson H. Snyder who recently completed three years tour of duty with your Uncle Samuel and almost a year of that has been overseas.

Major Fred Roberts, former Easton resident, is now stationed in England and promises good reports of his fighter group in the near future.

George Nittolo is at present stationed at Fort Benning, Ga. I have finally found out something which has been puzzling me for some time. My informant, P. Luigi Candalino tells me that midshipmen exist from day to day but live from weekend to weekend.

A fine tribute was paid to Col. Lee E. Isreall in a letter from one of the officers of his company which came to my desk the other day. The 562nd has made an enviable record under the hot Georgia sun as well as the snows and blizzards of Wisconsin and Michigan. Some rather interesting facts about this outfit are: many of the men are seeing their first snow fall and taking their first train ride; 95% of them have never been on snow shoes or skis and 60% have come from the hills of Tennessee, Georgia and Carolina. Their emblem is a dog between two cross cannons which gives rise to the slogan, "A Doggone Good Outfit." Lt. Corwin paid tribute to the inspiring and persevering leadership of Lee.

Had a fine letter from one of our recent V-12 graduates, LeRoy "Ziggy" Ziegenfuss. Outside of finding the place still in a state of construction and telling the other fellow to turn over when he takes a deep breath, he reports everything under control.

Joe Simpson was married to Dorothy Mary Haskey in the college chapel ten hours after he arrived from Alaska last week. Four of the new men who arrived here on the campus for the second term, Nov. 1, have seen service on Guadalcanal, Midway and the Caribbean. Capt. Michael Scolsi, now officer-in-charge of the Marine unit is also a veteran of the war in the East. Les Zetty who was transferred to the V-5 unit at the University of Pennsylvania has played a sterling game of football for the Quakers and was recently honored by the Maxwell Club of Philadelphia for his play against Dartmouth. Major Samuel B. Frederick is stationed at Camp Reynolds, Pa.

Cadet Charles V. Quinn Jr.
University of Arkansas
Fayetteville, Ark.

Sgt. Cleve Kennedy
A.P.O. 104
c/o P.M., Los Angeles, 52, Calif.

Sgt. Roy E. Shupp
A.P.O. 708
c/o P.M., San Francisco, Calif.

Lt. Vasco J. Fenili
A.P.O. 402
c/o P.M., Nashville, Tenn.

A/C Kenneth Struble
A-2 Class 44C
Cochrane Field
Macon, Ga.

Pfc. Russell E. Kirk
A.P.O. 635
c/o P.M., New York, N.Y.

Cpl. Howard Goheen
Medical Detachment
B.T.C. #16 A.A.F.
Greensboro, N.C.

Sgt. Edward Minka
A.P.O. 183
c/o P.M., Los Angeles, Calif.

Cpl. Henry C. Harner
431st M.P. Escort Guard Co.
Camp McCain, Miss.

Pfc. W. W. Weller Jr.
409th T.G. Sq. 4, Flight V
B.T.C. #4, Miami Beach, Fla.

Gabriel Lucas
Navy 117 Civil Service
c/o Fleet P.O.
New York, N.Y.

Pvt. Carl F. Knowles
Co. E. 2nd Bn. F.R.T.C.
3856th Service Unit
Fort Benj. Harrison, Ind.

Capt. Alfred W. Dubbs
A.P.O. 4759
c/o P.M., San Francisco, Calif.

Cpl. Warren Flower
Co. N. 801 Regt.
Camp Murphy, Fla.

Ensign George Sweda
c/o Fleet P.O.
San Francisco, Calif.

Lucio F. Petrovich
Hdq, Sqdn., Section B, Materiel Comd.
Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio.

Pfc. Charles Krauss
A.P.O. 184
c/o P.M. Los Angeles, Calif.

Pvt. Arthur De Martini
577 A.A.A. Bn. "D" Btry.
Fort Bliss, Texas

Capt. J.J. Levy
A.P.O. 759
c/o P.M., New York, N.Y.

Lt. G. E. Legg
VME 225
c/o P.M., San Francisco, Calif.

Lt. Herbert C. Foster
U.S. Naval Auxiliary Air Station
Chincoteague, Va.

Lt. (j.g.) J. Kenneth Miller
Naval Air Technical Training Center
Memphis, Tenn.

Capt. James D. Heller
405 Bomb Gr.
Walterboro, S.C.

Pvt. Thomas J. Snyder
325th Sta. Hospital N.O. Staging Area
New Orleans, La.

Sgt. Joseph Skrovanek
3307 A.S.T. Co. "H"
University of Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Lt. (j.g.) Wilbur M. Laudenslager
531 Cleveland St.
Allentown, Pa.

Pvt. Stanley W. Fink
419th Tr. Gp. Flight D1
A.A.F.T.T.C. B.T.C. #4
Miami Beach, Fla.

Benjamin Lewis
Station Hospital
Liberal Army Air Field,
Liberal, Kansas

Ensign Sherwood Cota
c/o Fleet P.O.
New York, N.Y.

Lt. Carl Proehl
Box 102
Dana Point, Calif.

Pvt. Nelson Bremer
Michigan Tech,
Houghton, Mich.

Pvt. George Bannon
Co. B, 11th Bn., 4th Regt., I.R.T.C.
Fort McClellan, Ala.

Lt. Leonard C. Hodgkinson
4th Hq. & Hq. Det. Sptrs XIII Corps.
Fort Dix, N.J.

That, gentlemen, is the sum and substance for today, except for one thing-- the other day I received a copy of a song which I would like to pass along to you. It is the Paratrooper's Hymn--where it came from, I do not know, but I thought you might be interested in it.

BLOOD ON THE RISERS
(To the tune of "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah")

"Is everybody happy?", cried the sergeant, looking up.
Our hero feebly answered "Yes", and then they stood him up.
He leaped right out into the blast, his static line unhooked.
HE AIN'T GONNA JUMP NO MORE!

(Chorus)

GORY, GORY, WHAT A HELLUVA WAY TO DIE,
GORY, GORY, WHAT A HELLUVA WAY TO DIE,
GORY, GORY, WHAT A HELLUVA WAY TO DIE,
HE AIN'T GONNA JUMP NO MORE!

He counted long, he counted loud, he waited for the shock.
He felt the wind, he felt the clouds, he felt the awful drop.
He jerked his cord, the silk spilled out and wrapped around his legs.
HE AIN'T GONNA JUMP NO MORE!

(Chorus)

The risers wrapped around his neck, connectors cracked his dome.
The lines were snarled and tied in knots, around his skinny bones.
The canopy became his shroud, he hurtled to the ground.
HE AIN'T GONNA JUMP NO MORE!

(Chorus)

The days he'd lived and loved and laughed kept running through
his mind.

He thought about the girl back home, the one he'd left behind.
He thought about the medics and wondered what they'd find.
HE AIN'T GONNA JUMP NO MORE!

(Chorus)

The ambulance was on the spot, the jeeps were running wild.
The medics jumped and screamed with glee, they rolled their
sleeves and smiled,

For it had been a week or more since last a 'chute had failed.
HE AIN'T GONNA JUMP NO MORE!

(Chorus)

He hit the ground, the sound was "SPLATT", his blood went spurting
high.

His comrades then were heard to say, "A helluva way to die."
He lay there rolling 'round in the welter of his gore.
HE AIN'T GONNA JUMP NO MORE!

(Chorus)

There was blood upon the risers, there were brains upon the 'chute.
Intestines were a 'dangling from this Paratrooper's boots.
They picked him up, still in his 'chute, and poured him from his
boots.

HE AIN'T GONNA JUMP NO MORE!

(Chorus)

Nuff sed -- so long.

As ever,

John

ALUMNI SECRETARY